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Love given o're:

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST THE

Pride, Luſt, and Inconſtancy, &c.

OF

VVOMAN.

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TO THE READER.

THE Pious Endeavours of the Gown, has not prov'd more ineffectual in the reclaiming the Errors of a vitious Age, than Satyr *(the better way, tho' less practis'd) the amendment of Honesty, and good Manners amongst us. Nor is it a wonder, when we consider that Women, (as if they had the ingredient of Fallen-Angel in their composition) the more they are lash'd, are but the more hardned in Impenitence: and as Children in some violent Distemper, commonly spit out those cherishing Cordials, which if taken, might chace away the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with a natural aversness to Vertue) despise that wholsom Counsel, which is Religiously design'd for their future good, and happiness. Judge then, if* Satyr *ever had more need of a sharper sting than now; when he can look out of his Cell on no side, but sees so many Objects beyond the*

reach of indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are lashing the Rebellious Times into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, *the Original of Mischief. Altho' I'me sensible I might as well expect to see Truth and Honesty uppermost in the World, as think to be free from the Bitterness of their Resentments: But I have no reason to be concern'd at that; since I'me certain my design's as far from offending the good, (if there are any amongst 'em that can be said to be so) as those few that are good, would be offended at their Reception into the Eternal Inhabitations of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Reward of their Labours. As for those that are ill, if it reflect on them it succeeds according to my wish; for I have no other design but the amendment of Vice, which if I could but in the least accomplish, I should be well pleas'd; and not without reason too; for it must needs be a satisfaction to a young unskilful Archer, to hit the first Mark he ever aim'd at.*

Farewell.

Love given o're:

OR,

A SATYR AGAINST WOMAN.

AT length from Love's vile Slav'ry I am free,
And have regain'd my ancient Liberty:
I've ſhook thoſe Chains off which my bondage wrought,
Am free as Ayr, and unconfin'd as thought;
For faithleſs *Silvia* I no more adore,
Kneel at her feet, and pray in vain no more:
No more my Verſe ſhall her fled worth proclaim,
And with ſoft praiſes celebrate her Name:
Her Frowns do now no awful terrours bear;
Her Smiles no more can cure or cauſe deſpair.
I've baniſh'd her for ever from my Breaſt,
Baniſh'd the proud Invader of my reſt,
Baniſh'd the Tyrant Author of my woes,
That robb'd my Soul of all its ſweet repoſe:
Not all her treach'rous Arts, bewitching Wiles,
Her Sighs, her Tears, nor her deluding Smiles,
Shall my eternal Reſolution move,
Or make me talk, or think, or dream of Love:
The whining Curſe I've baniſh'd from my Mind,
And with it, all the thoughts of Womankind.
Come then my Muſe, and ſince th' occaſion's fair,
'Gainſt the lewd Sex proclaim an endleſs War;
Which may renew as ſtill my Verſe is read,
And live, when I am mingl'd with the dead:

Diſcover all their various ſorts of Vice,
The Rules by which they ruine and intice,
Their Folly, Falſhood, Lux'ry, Luſt, and Pride,
With all their num'rous Race of Crimes beſide:
Unvail 'em quite to ev'ry vulgar Eye,
And in that ſhameful poſture let 'em lie,
Till they (as they deſerve) become to be
Abhorr'd by all Mankind, as they're abhorr'd by me.

Woman! by Heav'ns the very Name's a Crime,
Enough to blaſt, and to debauch my Rhime.
Sure Heav'n it ſelf (intranc't) like *Adam* lay,
Or elſe ſome baniſh'd Fiend uſurp't the ſway
When *Eve* was form'd; and with her, uſher'd in
Plagues, Woes, and Death, and a new World of Sin.
The fatal Rib was crooked and unev'n,
From whence they have their Crab-like Nature giv'n;
Averſe to all the Laws of Man, and Heav'n.
O *Lucifer*, thy Regions had been thin,
Wer't not for Womans propagating Sin:
'Tis they alone that all true Vices know;
And ſend ſuch Throngs down to thy Courts below:
More Souls they've made obedient to thy Raign,
Than Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas beſide, contain.
True, the firſt Woman gave the firſt bold Blow,
And bravely ſail'd down to th' Abyſs below;
But had the great Deed ſtill been left undone,
None of the daring Sex, no, hardly one,
But in the very ſelf-ſame path would go,
Tho' ſure 'twou'd lead 'em to eternal woe:
Find me ye pow'rs, find one amongſt 'em all,
That does not envy *Eve* the glory of the Fall:
Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;
For ſhou'd they once get power to rebel,
They'd ſurely raiſe a Civil-War in Hell,
Add to the pains you feel; and make you know,
W'are here above, as Curſt as you below.
How happy had we been, had Heav'n deſign'd
Some other way to propagate our kind?
For whatſo'ere thoſe All-diſcerning Pow'rs
Created ſweet, Wife! Nauſeous Wife! turn'd ſow'r;

Debauch'd

Debauch'd th' innocent, Ambroſial meat,
And (like *Eves* Apple) made it Death to eat:
But curſt be the vile Name, and curſt be they,
Who are ſo tamely Dull as to obey.
The Slaves they may command; Is there a Dog,
Who, when he may have freedom, wears a Clog?
But Man, baſe Man, the more imprudent Beaſt,
Drags the dull weight when he may be releas't:
May ſuch ye Gods (too many ſuch we ſee)
While they live here, juſt only live, to be
The marks of Scorn, Contempt, and Infamy.
But if the Tyde of Nature boiſt'rous grow,
And would Rebelliouſly its Banks o'reflow,
Then chuſe a Wench, who (full of lewd deſires)
Can meet your flouds of Love with equal Fires;
And will, when e're you let the Deluge flie,
Through an extended Sluce ſtrait drain it dry;
That Whirl-pool Sluce which never knows a Shore,
Ne're can be fill'd ſo full as to run o're,
For ſtill it gapes, and ſtill cries——room for more!
Such only damn the Soul; but a damn'd Wife,
Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life:
And what vain Blockhead is ſo dull, but knows,
That of two Ills the leaſt is to be choſe.

But now, ſince Womans boundleſs Luſt I name,
Womans unbounded Luſt I'le firſt proclaim:
Trace it through all the ſecret various ways,
Where ſtill it runs in an eternal Maze:
And ſhow that our lewd Age has brought to view,
What impious *Sodom*, and *Gomorrah* too,
Were they what once they were, would bluſh to do.
True, I confeſs that *Rome*'s Emperial Whore,
(More Fam'd for Luſt, than for the Crown ſhe wore)
Aſpir'd to Deeds ſo impiouſly high,
That their immortal Fame will never die:
Into the publick Stews (diſguis'd) ſhe thruſt,
To quench the raging Fury of her Luſt:
Her part againſt th' Aſſembly ſhe made good,
And all the Sallies of their Luſt withſtood,

And drain'd em dry; exhauſted all their ſtore;
Yet all could not content th' inſatiate Whore,
Her C—— like the dull Grave, ſtill gap't for more.
This, this ſhe did, and bravely got her Name
Born up for ever on the Wings of Fame:
Yet this is poor, to what our Modern Age
Has hatch'd, brought forth, and acted on the Stage:
Which for the Sex's glory I'le reherſe;
And make that deathleſs, as that makes my Verſe.

Who knew not (for to whom was ſhe unknown)
Our late Illuſtrious *Bewley?* (true, ſhe's gone
To anſwer for the num'rous Ills ſh'as done;
Who, tho' in Hell (in Hell, if any where)
Hemm'd round with all the Flames and Tortures there,
Finds 'em not fiercer, tho' ſhe feels the worſt,
Than when ſhe liv'd, her own wild flames of Luſt.)
As *Albion's* Iſle faſt rooted in the Main,
Does the rough Billows raging Force diſdain,
Which tho' they foam, and with loud Terrors rore,
Yet they can never reach beyond their ſhore.
So ſhe with Luſts Enthuſiaſtick Rage,
Suſtain'd all the ſalt Stallions of the Age.
Whole Legions ſhe encounter'd, Legions tyr'd;
Inſatiate yet, ſtill freſh Supplies deſir'd.
Illuſtrious Bawd! whoſe Fame ſhall be diſplay'd,
When Heroes Glories are in Silence laid,
In as profound a Silence, as the Slaves
Their conqu'ring Swords diſpatch'd into their Graves.
But Bodies muſt decay; for 'tis too ſure,
There's nothing from the Jaws of Time ſecure.
Yet, when ſhe found that ſhe could do no more,
When all her Body was one putrid Sore,
Studded with Pox, and Ulcers quite all o're;
Ev'n then, by her deluſive treach'rous Wiles,
(Which ſhow'd moſt ſpecious when they moſt beguil'd)
Sh' enroll'd more Females in the Liſt of Whore,
Than all the Arts of Man e're did before.
Preſt with the pond'rous guilt, at length ſhe fell;
And through the ſolid Centre ſunk to Hell:

The

The murm'ring Fiends all hover'd round about,
And in hoarſe howls did the great Bawd ſalute;
Amaz'd to ſee a ſordid lump of Clay,
Stain'd with more various bolder Crimes than they:
Nor were her torments leſs; for the dire Train,
Soon ſent her howling through the rowling flames,
To the ſad Seat of everlaſting pain.
Creſswold, and *Stratford*, the ſame path do tread;
In Luſt's black Volumes ſo profoundly read,
That whereſoe're they die, we well may fear,
The very tincture of the Crimes they bear,
With ſtrange infuſion may inſpire the duſt,
And in the Grave commit true acts of Luſt.

And now, if ſo much to the World's reveal'd,
Reflect on the vaſt Stores that lie conceal'd:
How, when into their Cloſets they retire,
Where flaming Dil——s does inflame deſire,
And gentle Lap-d——s feed the am'rous fire:
Lap-d——s! to whom they are more kind and free,
Than they themſelves to their own Husbands be.
How curſt is Man! when Bruits his Rivals prove,
Ev'n in the ſacred bus'neſs of his Love.
Great was the wiſe Man's ſaying, great, as true;
And we well know, than he none better knew;
Ev'n he himſelf acknowledges the Womb
To be as greedy as the gaping Tomb:
Take Men, Dogs, Lions, Bears, all ſorts of Stuff,
Yet it will never cry——there is enough.
Nor are their Conſciences (which can betray
Where e're they're ſworn to love) leſs large than they;
Conſciences, ſo lewdly unconfin'd!
That ev'ry one wou'd, cou'd they act their mind,
To their own ſingle ſhare engroſs ev'n all Mankind.
And when the Mind's corrupt, we all well know,
The actions that proceed from't muſt be ſo.
Their guilt's as great who any ills wou'd do,
As theirs who freely do thoſe ills purſue:
That they would have it ſo their Crime aſſures;
Thus if they durſt, all Women wou'd be Whores.

Forgive me Modeſty, if I have been
In any thing I've mention'd here, Obſcene;
Since my Deſign is to detect their Crimes,
Which (like a Deluge) overflow the Times:
But hold——why ſhou'd I ask that Boon of thee,
When 'tis a doubt if ſuch a thing there be?
For Woman, in whoſe Breaſts thou'rt ſaid to raign,
And ſhow the glorious Conqueſts thou doſt gain,
Deſpiſes thee, and only courts the Name:
(Sounds tho' we cannot ſee, yet we may hear;
And wonder at their Ecchoing through the Air.)
Thus led by what deluſive Fame imparts,
We think thy Throne's erected in their Hearts;
But we'are deceiv'd; as faith we ever were,
For if thou art, I'me ſure thou art not there:
Nothing in thoſe vile Manſions does reſide,
But rank Ambition, Luxury, and Pride.
Pride is the Deity they moſt adore;
Hardly their own dear ſelves they cheriſh more:
When ſhe commands, her Dictates they obey
As freely, as the Lamp that guides the Day
Rowls round the Globe to its great Maker's Will;
Vain ſenſleſs Sex! how ſwift they flie to ill?
'Tis true, Pride revels chiefly in the Heart,
From whence ſhe does diffuſe with impious Art,
Her nauſeous Poyſons into ev'ry part:
Survey their very Looks, you'l find it there;
How can you miſs it when 'tis ev'ry where?
Some, through all hunted Nature's Secrets trace,
To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face;
And after all their toyl (pray, mark the Curſe)
They've only made that which was bad, much worſe.
As ſome in ſtriving to make ill Coin paſs,
Have but the more diſcover'd that 'twas Braſs.
Nay thoſe that are reputed to be fair,
And know how courted, and admir'd they are,
Who one would think, God had made ſo compleat,
They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat;
Yet they too in adulteration ſhare,
And wou'd in ſpight of Nature be more fair.

Deluded

Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain,
In ſpending Time upon a thing ſo vain?
Your precious Time, (O to your ſelves unkind!)
When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind
Which you can call your own: For tho' y'are Fair,
And beautiful as Guardian Angels are;
Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art,
In all the Glories that delude the Heart:
Yet tell me, tell; have they the pow'r to ſave?
Or can they priviledge you from the Grave?
The Grave which favors not the Rich or Fair;
Beauty with Beaſt lies undiſtinguiſh'd there.

But hold——methinks I'me interrupted here,
By ſome Gay-Fop I neither Love nor Fear;
Who in theſe words his weakneſs does reveal,
And hurts that Wound which he ſhou'd ſtrive to heal.

" Soft Sir, methinks you too inveterate grow;
" Y'are ſo much theirs, y'are to your ſelf a Foe,
" And more your Envy, than Diſcretion ſhow.
" Who'd blame the Sun becauſe he ſhines ſo bright,
" That we can't gaze upon his daz'ling light?
" When at the ſelf-ſame time he cheers the Earth,
" And gives the various Plants, and Bloſſoms birth.
" How does the Winter look, that naked thing,
" Compar'd with the freſh Glories of the Spring?
" Rivers, adorn the Earth; the Fiſh, the Seas;
" Flow'rs, and Graſs, the Meadows; Fruit, the Trees;
" The Stars, the Fields of Air through which they ride;
" And Woman, all the Works of God beſide:
" Yet baſe detracting Envy wont allow
" They ſhould adorn themſelves; then pray Sir, now
" Produce ſome Reaſon's why y'are ſo ſevere;
" For envious as you are, you know they're Fair.

True Sir ſay I——ſo were thoſe Apples too,
Which in the midſt of the firſt Garden grew;
But when they were examin'd, all within,
Wrapt in a ſpecious and alluring skin,
Lay the rank baits of never-dying Sin.

Nature made all things fair; 'tis not deny'd;
And dreſs'd 'em in an unaffected Pride:
The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, Woods, and Flow'rs,
Proclaim the skill of their great Maker's pow'r;
And as they firſt were made, do yet remain,
And all their prim'tive Beauties ſtill retain.
Nothing but vain fantaſtick Woman's chang'd;
And through all miſchief's various Mazes rang'd:
And with ſtrange frantick Folly they have ſhown,
(Folly peculiar to themſelves alone)
More ways to Pride, Sloth, and all ſorts of Sin,
Than there are Fires in Hell to plunge 'em in.
Thus, that they're Fair, you ſee is not deny'd;
But tell me, are th' Unhanſom free from Pride?
No, no; the Strait, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,
Have all, promiſcuouſly, an equal ſhare.
Thus Sir, you ſee how they're eſtrang'd, and ſtray'd,
From what by Nature they at firſt were made.
Yet, tho' ſo many of their Crimes I've nam'd,
That's ſtill untold for which they moſt are Fam'd:
A Sin! (tall as the Pyramids of old)
From whoſe aſpiring top we may behold
Enough to damn a World — what ſhou'd it be,
But (Curſe upon the Name!) Inconſtancy?
O tell me, does the World thoſe Men contain
(For I have look't for ſuch, but look't in vain)
Who ne're were drawn into their fatal Snares?
Fatal I call 'em, for he's damn'd that's there.
Inſpir'd then by your Wrongs, and my juſt ſpight,
I'le bring the Fiend unmask't to humane ſight,
Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepeſt Night.
No more the Wind, the faithleſs Wind, ſhall be
A *Simile* for their Inconſtancy,
For that ſometimes is fixt; but Woman's mind,
Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd:
Leſs fixt than in a Storm the Billows be;
Or trembling Leaves upon an *Apſen* Tree,
Which ne're ſtand ſtill, but (ev'ry way inclin'd)
Turn twenty times with the leaſt breath of Wind.
Leſs fixt than wanton Swallows while they play
In the Sun-beams, to welcome in the Day:

Now

Now yonder, now they're here, as ſoon are there,
In no place long, and yet are ev'ry where.
Like a toſs'd Ship their Paſſions fall and riſe,
One while you'd think it touch'd the very Skies,
When ſtrait upon the Sand it grov'ling lies.
Ev'n ſhe her ſelf, *Silvia* th' lov'd, and fair,
Whoſe one kind look cou'd ſave me from deſpair;
She, ſhe whoſe Smiles I valu'd at that rate,
To enjoy them I ſcorn'd the Frowns of Fate;
Ev'n ſhe her ſelf (but Ah! I'me loth to tell,
Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd ſo well;
But it muſt out) ev'n ſhe, ſwift as the Wind,
Swift as the airy motions of the Mind,
At once prov'd falſe, and perjur'd, and unkind.
Here they to day invoke the Pow'rs above,
As Witneſſes to their immortal Love;
When (lo!) away the airy Fantom flies,
And e're it can be ſaid to live it dies:
Thus all Religious Vows, and Oaths they break,
With the ſame eaſe and freedom as they ſpeak.
Nor is that ſacred Idol, Marriage free,
(Marriage! which muſty Drones affirm to be
The tye of Souls, as well as Bodies! nay,
The Spring that does through unſeen Pipes convey
Freſh ſweets to Life, and drives the bitter Dregs away!
The Sacred Flame, the Guardian Pile of Fire,
That guides our ſteps to Peace! nor does expire,
Till it has left us nothing to deſire!)
Ev'n thus adorn'd, the Idol is not free
From the ſwift turns of their Inconſtancy.
Witneſs th' *Epheſian* Matron; whoſe lewd Act,
Has made her Name immortal as the Fact:
Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went,
And clos'd her ſelf up in his Monument;
Where on cold Marble ſhe lamenting lay,
In ſighs, ſhe ſpent the Night; in tears, the Day.
The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind,
Extoll'd her as the Beſt of Woman-kind:
But ſee the World's miſtake; and with it, ſee
The ſtrange effects of wild Inconſtancy!

For

For ſhe her ſelf, ev'n in that ſacred Room,
With one brisk, vig'rous On-ſet was o'recome,
And made a Brothel of her Husband's Tomb:
Whoſe pale Ghoſt trembl'd in its Sacred Shrowd,
Wond'ring that Heav'n th' impious Act allow'd:
Horror in Robes of Darkneſs ſtalk't around;
And through the frighted Tomb did Groans reſound.
The very Marbles wept, the Furies howl'd,
And in hoarſe Murmurs their amazement told.
All this ſhook not the Dictates of her Mind,
But with a Boldneſs, bold as was her Crime,
She made her Husband's Ghoſt (in Death, a Slave!)
Her neceſſary Pimp, ev'n in his Grave!
Are theſe (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?
The Peace that crowns a Matrimonial Life?
Is this the Sacred Prize for which Man fights?
Bliſs, of his Days? and Rapture, of his Nights?
The Rains, that guides him in his wild Careers?
And the Supporter of his feeble Years?
His Freedom, in his Chains? in Want, his Store?
His Health, in Sickneſs? and his Wealth, when Poor?
No, no, 'tis Contradiction; oppoſite,
As much as Heav'n's to Hell, or Day's to Night.
They crown Man's Life with Peace? No, rather far,
They are the cauſe of all his Boſom-war;
The very Source, and Fountain of his Woes,
From whence Deſpair, and Doubt for ever flows:
The Gall, that mingles with his beſt delight;
Rank, to the taſte; and nauſeous, to the ſight:
A days, the weight of Care that clogs his breaſt,
At Night the Hagg that does diſturb his reſt:
His mortal Sickneſs, in the midſt of Health;
Chains, in his Freedom; Poverty, in Wealth:
Th' Eternal Peſtilence, and Plague of Life;
Th' Original, and Spring of all his Strife;
Theſe rather are the Virtues of a Wife!
Yet if all theſe ſhould not ſufficient be,
To make us underſtand our miſery,
See it ſumm'd up in their Inconſtancy:

In

In which, ſo many various ways they move,
They now inconſtant in their Follies prove,
Ev'n as inconſtant as they do in Love:
Nor is't alone confin'd in thoſe to range,
Their Vices too themſelves admit of change,
Their deareſt darling Vices, Luſt, and Pride,
With all they promiſe, think, or dream beſide:
O how inconſtant then muſt Woman be,
When conſtant onely in Inconſtancy?
O why, ye awful Pow'rs, why was't your Will
To mix our ſolid good with ſo much ill?
Unleſs 'twere when you found Rebellious Man,
(For 'ere time was you cou'd their Actions ſcan)
Would commit Crimes ſo impious, and high,
That they were made your veng'ance to ſupply:
For not the wild deſtructive waſte of War,
Nor all the endleſs Lab'rinths of the Bar,
Famine, Revenge, perpetual loſs of health,
No nor that grinning Fiend Deſpair it ſelf,
When it inſults with moſt tyranick ſway,
Can plague or torture Mankind more than they.
But hold——don't let me blame the Pow'rs Divine;
Or at the wond'rous Works they made, repine.
All firſt was good, form'd by th' eternal Will,
Tho' ſome has ſince degenerated to ill:
Ev'n Woman was (they ſay) made chaſte, and good;
But Ah! not long in that bleſt State ſhe ſtood:
She fell, ſhe fell, and ſow'd the poys'nous Seeds
Of Murder, Rapine, all inhumane Deeds;
Which now ſo very firm have taken root,
That Heav'n in vain wou'd ſtrive to raze 'em out.
But ſtop my Pen; for who can comprehend,
Or trace thoſe Crimes which ne're can have an end?
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars that gild the Sky,
The World, and all its glories too muſt dye,
And in one univerſal Ruine lie:
But they ev'n Immortality will gain,
And live——but muſt for ever live in pain;
For ever live, damn'd to eternal Night,
And never more review the ſacred Light.

Beware

Beware then, dull deluded Man, beware;
And let not treach'rous Woman be the Snare,
To make you the Companions with 'em there:
Scorn their vain Smiles, and all their Arts deſpiſe,
And your Content at that juſt value prize,
As not to let thoſe rav'nous Thieves of Prey,
Rifle, and bear the ſacred Prize away:
'Tis they, 'tis they that robs us of that Gem;
How cou'd we loſe it were it not for them?
Avoid 'em then, with all the gawdy Arts,
Which they ſtill practiſe to amuſe our Hearts;
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd avoid their Crimes,
Or the mad Follies that infeſt the Times;
Avoid 'em, as you wou'd the pains of Hell,
For in them, as in that, Damnation dwells.
But now, ſhou'd ſome (for doubtleſs we may find
Many a true bred Beaſt amongſt Mankind)
Shou'd ſuch contemn the wholſom Rules I give,
And in contempt of what I've ſpoke, ſtill live
Like baſe-ſoul'd Slaves, ſtill thoſe vile Fetters wear,
When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,
Or the wing'd Race that does inhabit there;
May all the Plagues that Woman can invent,
Purſue 'em with eternal puniſhment:
May they———but ſtay, my Curſes I foreſtall;
For in one Curſe I've comprehended all.———
But ſay Sir; if ſome Pilot on the Main,
Shou'd be ſo mad, ſo reſolutely vain,
To ſteer his Bark upon that fatal Shore,
Where he has ſeen Ten thouſand wrack't before,
Tho' he ſhou'd periſh there; ſay, wou'd you not
Beſtow a Curſe on the Notorious Sot?
Truſt me, the Man's as frenzical as he,
Who ventures his frail Bark out wilfully,
On the wild, rocky, Matrimonial Sea;
When round about, and juſt before his Eyes,
Such a deſtructive waſte of fatal Ruine lies.

FINIS.